

The Cuckolds Dream.

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The Comical Vision.

Where in a slumber, Fancy doth impart,
Strange whimsies which disturbe his jealous heart;
Such delusions, Dreams do represent,
To make him think his Wife is evilly bent:
That when he is awake, he makes a pothier,
And swears there's none that's honest, not his Mother.

To the Tune of, *Your humble Servant Madam.*



When Flora with rich Carpetry
The earth was all be-spangled,
And Roses and Pinks on each Eye,
And pleasantly they tangled;
I came to hear the Cuckoo sing
My further distraction,
And thus began by a Silver Spring,
All my recreation.

As I lay gazing on the Plain,
In that pleasant Season;
When I mistook my postels my brain,
Which his mistress my Reason;
And Morpheus with his Leaven spaw,
His fables were interlarding,
I thought I saw within that place
Dancers about the dancing.

These Troops of Gallants all along,
And Ladies of fine feature:
I could not tell within the throng
Which was the comeliest Creature;
Which costly robes of rich array
They seem'd to be arriv'd,
Like Venus on her wedding day,
When Mars her pomp admitt'd.

Amongst the rest, a Spark I spy'd
Which here shall not be named,
And in his hands a lovely Withe
His better Nature framed.
They were so trim in ever link,
It much did please my fancy,
I joy'd to find, they were so kind,
Not thinking it was Nancy.

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And Roses and Pinks on each Eye,
And pleasantly they tangled;
I came to hear the Cuckoo sing
My further distraction,
And thus began by a Silver Spring,
All my recreation.

As I lay sleeping on the Plain,
In that pleasant Season;
When I waken'd, did possess my brain,
Which his kisses my Reason;
And Morpheus with his Leaven spaw,
Did make me here intruding,
As though I saw within that place
Dancers about me dancing.

These Troops of Gallants all along,
And Ladies of fine feature:
I could not tell within the throng
Which was the comeliest Creature;
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But having view'd them uncreeping,
I found unto my sorrow,
This Youngster he did well agree
To live upon the honye.
Since Dreams are Fables as we say,
I'll tell you on my life sir,
The party that was there that day
Was my own married wife sir.

So then thought I, if you be there
I'll watch you where resting,
And still they shall be in that seat,
Not fearing any more sleeping.
He did her kiss, and call'd her wife,
He was both lover andvallant,
And kindly she, said none but he
Should ever be her Gallant.

So thought I heard him call a Coach,
and for haues to attend her,
Upon my right he did incroach,
So much he did befriend her,
Quoth he, this day, we'll see a Play
At the Theatre Royal.
Then up and go, it shall be so,
I must have no denial.

Which that I strug'd in my sleep,
As chiding to prevent them,
Gean time away they slipper'd,
I could not discontent them.
Thought I, I'll have you by and by,
when you return at leisure.
And if I can conveniently
I'll sit you for your pleasure.

So thought I saw them both come back,
As plain as I've been watching.
And then he had her to the Coach
Which set my heart aching;
Which costy wimes they chere their hearts
And thought it was but reason
Of a very thing to share their parts
That ere was then in season.

So sooner was the Banquet done,
And that they had laid downe for,
And none but they were left alone.
He kindly did embrace her.
He gave her Rings which she lov'd well,
And Bracelets made of Amber,
But when his spirits gan to swell,
Then he for a private Chamber.

I could no longer then endure,
My forces I did muster,
And thought her that I had slept secure,
Yet when I wak't I cur'd her.
No more I'd hear the Cuckold sing,
Her note shall not inchaunt me,
No sleep by any peeling Spring
Where Holgobling he can't see.

Then to-morrow I did haste again
In hope to have some killing,
But when that I came there again
I found my wife was a milking.
Which put me into such a fear,
I fear'd my Dream was true &
Therefore my sorrow to see
I now thus do bewail.